THE LADY AND THE PIRATE

BY EMERSON HOUGH

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XIII.

In Which We Make a Run For It.

I FACED the next morning the alternative of setting her free, and once more taking up the aimless and unhappy life I had led these last three years without sight of her. Something—I suppose the great selfishness which lies under love—rose up and said me nay, and I began to make excuses in favor of my desire, as that, surely, soon she would come to a more reasonable way of thought. And in one thing at least I was honest with myself, deceitful as are lovers with themselves and arguing ever in their own favor. I did not know why Helena had wept, and it was perhaps my right to know.

"What ho! Black Bart," said Jean Lafitte after his third helping of bacon, "why does our good ship lie here idle at her anchor?"

"Ask Captain Peterson," said I. "He perhaps can tell where we can get more gasoline."

"No, he can't. I asked him this morning."

"Then 'twould seem we must lie here all winter, unless discovered by some relief expedition."

"Why don't we start a relief expedition of our own?" demanded he.

"And how?"

"Why, me and Willy, the deck hand, we'll take the longboat and go out and explore this region roundabout. Somebody may have gasoline somewhere, and if so we can git it, can't we?"

"Your idea is excellent, Jean Lafitte," said I. "Within the hour you shall set forth to see whether or not there is any settlement on this bayou. And, that you may not need use violence when secrecy is our wish, here is a fat purse for our stores. And hasten, for of a truth, Jean Lafitte, I am most a-weary of this very morning, and I long to see the white seas roll once more."

"It's all right," called out Jean Lafitte when he came within hail in the afternoon. And I saw now that he indeed had a boat's load of gasoline in tanks, cans and all manner of receptacles.

"Town and a store down there five miles," he explained as I caught his gunwale with boat hook. "You can git anything there. Now, the Giants and the Cubs, why, they tied in the 'leventh inning yesterday. And say"—

"Enough!" said I. "Let me hear nothing of the cursed Giants or the yet more accursed Cubs, for I have more serious work afoot. Tell me, is there a bar cutting off the other end of the bayou, and how long is the bayou?"

"Sixteen miles," answered the useful Lafitte, "and she seems like good water all the way. They say there's seven foot on the bar, and the wood boats run in and out."

And that very night, with our searchlight half covered and at slow speed and with the sounding lead going, Peterson felt his way out from our moorings and along the full length of Henry's bayou silently as he might.

"Jimmy!" I called.

"Aye, aye, sir!" And L'Olonnois saluted.

"You remember all those bottles floating around in the bayou—did you take them all up?"

"Aye, aye, sir, and she throwed a lot more in out o' the cabin window. I was shooting at 'em with the twenty-two and busted some."

"But not all?"

"Oh, no; some was left."

"And we sailed away, leaving there no doubt the full story of our voyage. Full speed ahead, now, Peterson," I added later as I went forward. "Run for New Orleans and with all you can get out of her."

It was 9 of as fine a winter morning as the south ever saw when at last, having passed without pause all intervening ports, we found ourselves at the city of New Orleans.

"Peterson," I said, calling him to me, "go to the ship's furnishers. Tell them to have all our supplies at slip K, below the railway warehouses, not later than 9 this evening. We want four drums of gasoline; also get 2,000 rounds of ammunition for the twelve gauges, ducking loads, for we may want to do some shooting. We also want two or three cases of grapefruit and oranges and any good fresh vegetables in market."

The old man touched his cap, but hesitated. "I'm sure to be asked something," he said somewhat nervously.

"Say nothing about any change of ownership of this boat, Peterson, and don't even give the boat's name unless you must. Just say we will meet their shipping clerk at slip K this evening at 9. Hurry back, Peterson, and bring a newspaper, please."

He departed mournfully enough, seeing that the ferryboat now was coming across with the railway train. I continued my own moody pacing up and down the deck. Truth was, I had not seen Helena for more than twenty-four hours, nor had any word come from the ladies' cabin to give me hope I ever would see her again of her own will. My surprise, therefore, was great enough when I heard the after cabin door close gently as she came out upon the deck.

"Good morning," said she casually as though we had parted but lately and that conventionally. "Isn't it fine?"

"It is a beautiful picture," said I, "and you fit into it. I am glad to see you looking so well."

"I wish I could say as much for you," said she. "You look like a forlorn hope."

"I am nothing better."

"And as though you had not slept."

"I have not, Helena."

"Why not?" her eyes wide open in surprise.

"Because I knew I had either hurt or offended you, and I would do neither."

"You have done both so often that it should not cost you your sleep," said she slowly. "But if you really want to be kind why can you not have mercy on a girl who has been packed in a hatbox for a month? Let me go ashore?"

"Can you not breathe quite as well where you are, Helena?"

"But I can't walk."

"Oh, yes, you can, and I will walk beside you here on deck."

"But I would like to pick flowers over there by the embankment."

"The train is too close," said I, smiling grimly.

Her color heightened just a little, but she did not answer my suspicions. "Please let me walk with you over there," she said. "I used not to need ask twice."

"Our situation is now reversed, Helena."

"Please let me walk with you, sir!"

"I dare not. We might both forget ourselves and go off to New Orleans for a lark without Aunt Lucinda."

"Oh, I am going to call Aunt Lucinda too."

"Pardon, but you are going to do nothing of the kind. Even with her as chaperon, did we get down there in the old city once more, like the children we once were, Helena, we would forget our duty, would, perhaps, forget our purpose here. Mademoiselle, I dare not take that risk."

"Please, sir, may I walk with you over yonder for just a little time?" she said, as though it were her first request. She was tying her quaint little white bonnet strings under her chin now. I raised a hand.

"You ask a man to put himself into the power of the woman he loves most in all the world. When a man needs resolution dare he look into the eyes of that woman, feel her hand on his arm, have her walk close to him as they promenade?"

"Dear me! Is it so bad as that?"

"Worse, Helena."

"Then I am to continue a prisoner in that hatbox?"

"Until you love me, Helena, as I do you."

"As I told you, that would be a long time."

"Yes! For never in the world can you love me as I do you. I had forgotten that."

"If only you could forget everything and just be a nice young man," said she. "It is such fun. This dear old town, don't you know? Now, with a nice young man to go about with Aunt Lucinda and me"—

"How would a man like Calvin Davidson do?" I demanded bitterly.

"Very well. He is nice enough."

"I suppose so. He is rich, able to have his horses and cars—even his private yacht. He can order a dinner in any country in the world or tell you the standing of any club in either league at any minute of the day or night. Could I say more for his education? He has two country places and a city house and a business which nets him a hundred thousand a year. How can he help being nice? I do not resemble Mr. Davidson in any particular, except that I am wearing one of his waistcoats. Also, Helena, I am wearing a suit of flannels which I have borrowed from John, his Chinese cook. You can readily see I am a poor man. How, then, can I be nice?"

"No one would see us here," said she, sublimely irrelevant, as usual. "There are some little yellow flowers over there on the bank. Maybe I could find some violets."

There was a wistfulness in her gaze which made appeal. I could not resist. "Helena," said I suddenly, "give me your parole that you will not try to escape, and I will walk with you among yonder flowers. You look as though just from a Watteau fan, my dear. It is fall, but seems spring, and the world seems made for flowers and shepherds and love, my dear. Do you give me your word?"

"If I do may I walk alone?"

"No; with me."

"I'll not try to take the train. On my honor, I will not."

I looked deep into her eyes and saw, as always, only truth there—her deep brown eyes, filled with some deep liquid light whose color I never could say—looked till my own senses swam. I could scarcely speak.

(To Be Continued.)

Scene From "My Arizona Girl" At Lyric Theatre.

AUSTRALIA SENDS 90,000 SOLDIERS TO AID THE ALLIES

Melbourne, Australia, Sept. 7.—Everything possible is now being done to get more recruits in Australia—everything short of conscription itself. There are, after a year of the war, 90,000 Australians under arms, either in the firing line at the Dardanelles or in training camps, but instead of there being any let up in the call for men, the demand for them grows more and more insistent.

Although the Ministry of Defense denies that it looks to conscription, a census of unmarried men has just been taken by the police of the various states to determine the fighting strength. The result of this has not been made public. The campaign to enlist volunteers, however, takes on new vigor each day. There are speeches by civil and military authorities; there are newspaper appeals; there are huge advertising posters, there are parades, and there is even the display of wounded soldiers—all to the same end. In this state (Victoria) a recruiting campaign covering the last three weeks of July resulted in more than 18,000 enlistments, a number which, it is pointed out, equals the strength of the entire Australian force which was sent to Egypt last November. The fact that New South Wales is in virtually all things a rival of Victoria—in some ways jealously so—figures to a certain extent in a recruiting campaign which is now in progress there.

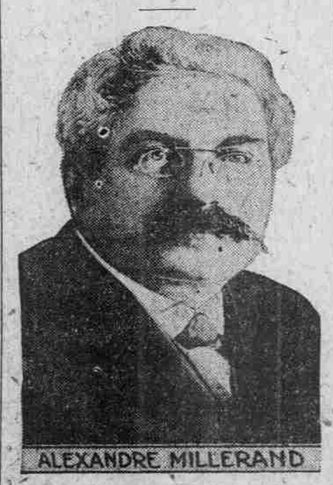
Business houses all over Australia are making it easier for young men in their employ to enlist by either keeping up their pay or promising them their old places if they return; and to induce men—even with dependents—to join the colors, the press is by request of the military authorities printing almost daily the liberal rates of pay for Australians on active service and the pensions which will be paid the disabled and the relatives of such officers and privates as may be killed.

But the chief appeal is to patriotism, and never have the Antipodes seen such a widespread and ardent use as nowadays of the Union Jack of the Empire and the southern cross of the young Australian Federation. The government will have comparatively little trouble in clothing the greatly augmented number of volunteers, but it will have considerable difficulty in arming them. It is not improbable that it will have to have the assistance of the Imperial Government in this respect.

Meanwhile wounded men are beginning to be brought back all the way from the Gallipoli peninsula in fair numbers. By November it is likely that with cooler weather in the Red Sea many more will be returned home. Elaborate preparations have been made for the care and treatment of these soldiers. In order to raise funds for this, July 30 was chosen as "Australia Day" and every conceivable method of obtaining and soliciting contributions was employed on that date from one end of the Commonwealth to the other. Melbourne and Sydney resembled nothing so much as huge county fairs. The result of the patriotic charity was a sum which at this writing—with the returns not yet in from many sections—amounts to nearly $4,000,000.

Gov. Willis announced that he will join the camp of citizen soldiers of Cleveland at Chigrin Falls as a "private."

French Minister of War Preparing For A Winter Campaign



ALEXANDRE MILLERAND

France is preparing for next winter's campaign. An official note issued in Paris describes a visit to the front by Alexandre Millerand, minister of war. M. Millerand discussed measures necessary for the winter campaign with the commanders at various points, especially in the Vosges and Alsace.

ENGLAND IS SHY OF BIG STEAMERS

Liverpool, Sept. 7.—The upward trend of steamship values is well maintained especially for tonnage suitable for liner service, the dearth of such boats becoming more and more market. The absorption of all available labor into naval shipbuilding and munition work here as well as in France, Russia and Italy, has been complete, and shipbuilders are unable to accept orders for new tonnage with any prospect of making delivery, so that sellers can get almost any price they ask for available boats. The North German Steamer Schlesien which was sold at auction in January for 63,000 pounds has just been sold for over 100,000 pounds.

VERDI'S MONUMENT MOVES IN TRIESTE

Udine, Italy, Sept. 7.—The Imperial Austro-Hungarian Commissioner governing Trieste has issued a decree ordering "for aesthetic reasons" theremoval of the monument to Verdi, the Italian composer, which in white marble adorns the Piazza San Giovanni. In its place the Commissioner has ordered the erection of a fountain which "for hygienic reasons" is to wash the spot where the Verdi statue stood.

Secretary Frank Morrison of the American Federation of Labor, in a Labor Day speech at Bloomington, Ill., endorsed the report of the Industrial Realtions Commission, with its drastic finding on industrial and social conditions.